J. COLET. S.T.P. A.D. MDIX.

FIDE ET LITERIS

PROLUSIONES LITERARIÆ

QUÆ IN D. PAULI SCHOLA

AUT PRÆMIIS QUOTANNIS PROPOSITIS

AUT SALTEM HONORE DIGNÆ

SUNT HABITÆ

COMITIIS MAJORIBUS DIE MAII XVIII.

A.S.H. MDCCCXLVII.

SUBJICIUNTUR ET VERSICULI NONNULLI COMITIIS HIBERNIS
HAUD ITA PRIDEM RECITATI.

Difficilis causa laudare puerum, non enim *res*, sed *spes* est.—Cicero.

LONDINI:
CURÂ B. FELLOWES.
M DCCC XLVII.

TYPIS EXCUDIT R. CLAY.

PROLUSIONES LITERARIÆ,

&c. &c.

MASSINGER.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR. Act IV. Sc. 3.

THEOPHILUS. ANTONINUS. DOROTHEA.

Theoph. Now, proud contemner
Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think
It is not in the Power thou serv'st to save thee.
Not all the riches of the sea, increased
By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearch'd mines,
(Mammon's unknown exchequer,) shall redeem thee:
And, therefore, having first with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young; to part with
All pleasures and delights; lastly, to go
Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee;
And, to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted,
Hadst thou not turn'd apostate to those gods
That so reward their servants; let despair
Prevent the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into hell.

Anton. She smiles,
Unmoved, by Mars! as if she were assured
Death, looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

ΘΕΟΦΙΛΟΣ. ΑΝΤΩΝΙΝΟΣ. ΔΩΡΟΘΕΙΑ.

ΘΕΟ. Ὦ πλεῖστα κἀμὲ καὶ Θεοὺς καθυβρίσαι
τολμῶσ', ἄκουσον· οὐ γάρ ἐσθ' ὅπως Θεὸς
ᾧ φῂς λατρεύειν, σ' ἀβλαβῆ στήσει ποτε.
οὔ τοι τὰ χρήμαθ' ὅσα τρέφει, θαλασσίαις
ναυαγίαισι κῦμα συγκεκραμένον,
οὐ κτημάτων ἄγνωστα θησαυρίσματα
ἐλευθέραν σε τῶνδε πημάτων κτίσει.
καὶ μὴν θανεῖν πρώτιστά γ' ὡς κακῶς ἔχει
ἥβης ἐν ἀκμῇ, τοῦτό σοι φροντιστέον·
τέρψιν τ' ἀφεῖναι, καὶ διέρχεσθαι χθονὰ,
ἵν' ἡδοναῖσιν οὐ καθίδρυται τόπος,
πολλαῖς ξυνοῦσαν διαδρομαῖς Ἐρινύων.
ἄλγος δ' ἵν' ᾖ σοι δὶς τόσον, φανήσεται
οἵων ἄρ' ἦσθ' ἂν χαρμάτων γεγευμένη,
εἰ μὴ θεούς σύ γ' αἰσχρὰ δρῶσ' ἐφευρέθης
τοίαυτα δόντας· ἀλλ' ὅπως ἀθυμίᾳ
θνήσκουσ', ἵν ἕστης, τοῦδ' ἐπιξήνου πέλας,
φθάσεις καραριστηρὶ μὴ πεσεῖν ξίφει.
ΑΝΤ. Γελᾷ κακοῖσιν οὐδὲν ἐκπεπληγμένη·
ὡς ἐλπίσασα, καὶ θράσει πυργουμένη,
Θάνατον ἰδόντα τλημονεστάτην φύσιν,
λήθην τιν' ἕξειν τῶν ἀνικήτων χερῶν.

THEOPH. Derided too! dispatch, I say.

DOR. Thou fool!
That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of.
What is this life to me? not worth a thought;
Or, if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world;
Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it.
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth:
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have any being there.
Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in
Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards:—
The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon,
Which did require a Hercules to get it,
Compared with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be named. The Power I serve,
Laughs at your happy Araby, or the
Elysian shades; for he hath made his bowers
Better in deed, than you can fancy yours.

ΘΕΟ. Ταῦτ' οὖν ὑβρίζει; δμῶες, οὐχ ἕδρας ἀκμή.
ΔΩΡ. ὦ μῶρ', ὃς ἡμὰς φλαῦρ' ἀφαιρεῖσθαι σθένων,
τούτοις ἐπαυχεῖς, ὧν πάλαι κόρος μ' ἔχει.
τὸ ζῆν ἐμοὶ τί κέρδος; οὐ μέλει βίου,
εἰ μή τι τοῦτον ἀποβαλοῦσ' εὐφραίνομαι,
τὰ χρήστ' ἵν' εὕρω· κλιμάκων γὰρ ἀμβάσεις
δώσει σὸν ἴχθος, ὧν ἐπεμβαίνουσ' ἐγὼ,
ἐς τέρψεως τόδ', ἡδονῆς τ' ἀφίξομαι,
ὡς γὴν ὑπερφρονεῖν τε καὶ σαυτοῦ κάρα.
πισταῖς ἵν' ἡδοναῖσιν ἐστηριγμένη,
μοίρας ἄθικτος καὶ χρόνου, τότ' εἴσομαι
οἵων ἀποίνων ἀνθ' ὅτου μόχθου κυρῶ.
ἔνθ' ἦρ ἀέναον, ἀέναόν θ' ἥβης σθένος·
ἔνθ' οὔτε χειμὼν, οὐ μέλη δάκνον κρύος,
οὐ λιμὸς, οὐδὲ γῆρας εἰσελήλυθεν.
τῶν Θεσσαλῶν, ἴθ', ἄγκος ηὐλογημένον
ἡγοῦ παρ' οὐδὲν, κήπιόν τ' Ἀτλαντικὸν,
καρπὸν δὲ χρυσοῦν, ὃν δράκων γ' ἔσωζ, ὅπλοις
τοῖς Ἡρακλείοις κτῆμ' ἐπηξιωμένον,
εἰς τῶνδ' ἅμιλλαν εἴ ποτ' ἔξελθοι καλῶν,
οὐδὲν λέγοιμ' ἂν ὄντα γ'· ὃν σέβω Θεὸς
τῆς σῆς γελᾷ νῦν Ἀραβίας εὐδαίμονος,
μακάρων τε νήσων, καὶ γὰρ ἀγλαΐσματα
κεῖται παρ' αὐτῷ μᾶλλον ὀλβιώτερα.

Hugh Kennedy.

ΘΕΟΦΙΛΟΣ. ΑΝΤΩΝΙΝΟΣ. ΔΩΡΟΘΕΙΑ.

ΘΕΟ. Ἀλλ' ὦ καταφρονοῦσ' ἐμοῦ τε, τῶν τ' ἐμῶν
θεῶν, τρέμουσαν δεῖ σκοπεῖν σ', ὅτ' οὐχ ὅπως
σώσει σ' ὁ δαίμων, ᾧ συ λατρεύεις μάτην.
οὔ τοι θαλάσσης ναυτικοῖς ἐρειπίοις
τὰ χρήματ' ἐγκεχωσμέν', οὐδ' ὅσ' ἀργυροῦ
μετᾶλλα κεύθει, ῥύσεταί σε μὴ θανεῖν.
πρὸς ταῦθ', ὁποῖόν ἐστι κατθανεῖν νεὰν,
ἥβης ἔχουσαν δῶρα, σὺν φόβῳ σκόπει,
πάσας λιποῦσαν χαρμονὰς, βαίνειν θ' ὅπου
ἔνεστιν οὐδὲν πλὴν ἀνιᾶσθαι μόνον,
ὄπισθε, πρόσθεν, ἀμφί σοί τ' Ἐρινύες·
λύπης δὲ τοὐπίσαγμα μεμνῆσθαι καλῶν,
ὅσων ἂν εἶχες, οἷσι τέρπεσθαί σ' ἐχρῆν,
εἰ μή ποτ' ἔτλης τοὺς θεοὺς ἀτιμάσαι,
ὑφ' ὧν ἀμειβόμεσθα τῆς τιμῆς τάδε.
ἴθ' εἰς φθορὰν πεσοῦσα, καὶ καρατομοῦ
ἀρκύστατ' ἐγχοῦς προφθάσασ', ἔρχου κάτω.

ΑΝΤ. Ἰδοῦ, φοβηθεῖσ' οὐδὲν, ἡ κόρη γελᾷ,
Ἅιδου μολόντος ἐλπίσασ' ὅπως βέλη
ἄφυκτα πρὸς τὸ θάρσος ἐκκωφώσεται.

ΘΕΟ. Ἦ καὶ γελῶμαι; σοὶ τί δεῖ μακρηγορεῖν;
ΔΩΡ. Μάταια κομπεῖς, ᾧ μ' ἀποστερεῖν πάρα,
ὃ καὶ λιποῦσά γ' οὐδὲν ἄχθομαι κέαρ.
τί δῆτα τοῦ ζῆν κέρδος; οὐκ ἔστιν τόδε·
εἰ δ' ἐστὶ τιμῆς του κατηξιωμένον,
θανοῦσ' ἂν εἴην μᾶλλον εὐτυχεστέρα.
ἐμοὶ δὲ καὶ σοῦ θυμὸς, οὐ θέλων ὅμως,
ὁδὸν παρεῖχεν, ὥστε μ' αἰωρεῖν δέμας
ὄλβου πρὸς ἄκρον, ἔνθ' ἐγὼ καθημένη
θήσω παρ' οὐδὲν καί σε, καὶ θνητῶν γέρα.
ἐκεῖ δ' ἀληθεῖς ἡδονὰς καρπουμ'νη,
μόρου γ' ὕπερθε καὶ χρόνου, μνησθήσομαι
τὰ κλεινὰ ταῦθ' ὡς εὐχερῶς ἐκτησάμην.
ἐκεῖ ξὺν ἥβῃ 'στ' ἀνθεμῶδες ἦρ ἀεὶ,
οὐ ψῦχος ἦλθε, καύματ' οὐκ ἐπίσσυτα,
οὐ λιμὸς, οὔτε γῆράς ἐστ' ἐν οὐρανῷ.
ἔρρ' οὖν, τὰ Τέμπη νῦν δι' αἰσχύνης ἔχε,
καλήν τ' Ἄτλαντος κρυψάτω λήθη χθόνα,
χρυσῶν τε δένδρων καρπὸν, ὃν φρουρεῖ δράκων
ἄϋπνος, ὅν ποθ' εἷλεν Ἀλκμήνας τόκος,
οὐ χρὴ φυτοῖσιν ἀγλάοις προσεικάσαι,
ὧν οὐ σπανίζει χῶρος. Ἀλλ' οὑμὸς λέγει
Θεὸς παρ' οὐδὲν Ἀραβίαν εὐδαίμονα,
μακάρων τε νήσους, καὶ γὰρ ἱδρύσας ἔχει
τὸν κῆπον ἔργῳ κοὐ λόγοις ἠσκημένον.

Arthur T. Bonner.

ΘΕΟΦΙΛΟΣ. ΑΝΤΩΝΙΝΟΣ. ΔΩΡΟΘΕΙΑ.

ΘΕΟ. ΣΥ τοι καταφρονοῦσα τῶν ἐμῶν λόγων,
καὶ θεῶν πατρῴων, νὺν τὸ δειμαίνειν πάρα·
οὐ γάρ σ' ὁ δαίμων, ὃν σέβεις, ἐλευθέραν
κτίσει σε τούτων, οὐδ' ἁλὸς ναυαγίων
πολλῶν γεμούσης χρήματ', ἐκσώσειεν ἄν,
οὐδ' αὖ σε, Πλουτουκρυπτὰ θησαυρίσματα,
τὸ μὴ οὐ παρασχεῖν τὴν δίκην ὅσην θέλω.
σκέψαι μὲν οὖν πρώτιστον ἐν τῇ καρδίᾳ,
τί δὴ θανεῖν τόδ' ἐστὶ, καὶ νέαν θανεῖν,
πάντων μεθέσθαι χαρμάτων, τέλος θ', ὅπου
τὰ πάντα ναίει δυσφιλῆ, χωρεῖν, ὅπου
πρόσθεν κυκλοῦσι καὶ πέριξ σ' Ἐρινύες.
πρὸς τοῖσδε, διπλῆν ὥστε συμφορὰν ἔχειν,
μνήμη παρέστω τῶν ἕδρων εὐδαιμόνων,
ὧν, εἴπερ ἀγαθῶν μὴ θεῶν ἀφεστάθης,
καί σοι παρῆν ἂν ὥστε γεύσασθαι ποτέ·
φθάνοις ἄνελπις δημίου μαστίκτορος
πρόχειρον ἔγχος, σάνιδος ἐξορμωμένη,
αὐτὴ δ' ὑφ' αὑτῆς νερτέρων ἔλθοις ἕδη.

ΑΝΤ. ἔα, γελᾷ νὺν, ὡς σαφῶς μαθοῦσα δὴ
ᾍδην λαθέσθαι, τὴν περισσ' εὐκάρδιον
ἰδόντ', ἄφυκτον μὴ οὐ κατασκῆψαι βέλος.

ΘΕΟ. Αρ οὖν, γελῶμαι; δμῶες οὐκ ἀφέλξετε;
ΔΩΡ. Ἦ καὶ μάταιον κτῆμ' ἀφαιρεῖσθαι σθένων,
ὦ μῶρε, χαίρεις, οὐδ' ἐμοὶ τέρψιν φέρον;
τὶ δ' ἐστ' ἐμοὶ ζῆν κέρδος, ἄξιον λόγου;
χαίρουσα τοῦ ζῆν τοῦδ' ἀπαλλαχθήσομαι,
ζητοῦσ' ἄμεινον· ἡ δὲ σῶν ὄργη φρενῶν,
ἄναξ, τίθησι κλίμακ' ὥστ' εἰς τοὔσχατον
ὕψους ἐμ' ἀνάγειν· σόν τ' ἐκεῖσ' ἀφιγμένη
βλέψω χαρεῖσα σῶμα, καὶ γαῖαν κάτω·
καὶ γευσόμεσθα χαρμονῶν ἐτητύμων,
χρόνου πέραν, καὶ κηρὸς· ἐννοούμενοι
σμικρῶν κλέος τόδ' ὡς πόνων ὠνούμεθα.
ἐκεῖ γὰρ ἦρ θάλλει τε, τῆς θ' Ἥβης ἀκμὴ,
οὐ καῦμ' ἐπῆλθε, ψῦχος οὐ δυσχείμερον,
οὐ λιμὸς, οὐδὲ γῆρας οἰκοῦσίν γ' ἐκεῖ.
τί δὴ τὰ Τέμπη φλαῦρ' ἐπαινοῦσιν βρότοι;
κήπων δὲ χρυσοῦς καρπὸς, ὃν φρουρεῖ δράκων
ἄϋπνος, ὅν ποθ' Ἡρακλῆς θνητῶν μόνος
ἐκτήσατ', εἴ συ τοῖς ἐκεῖ γε συμβάλοις
βλάστοισι, κάρτα φαῦλος ὢν εὑρήσεται.
ὃν γὰρ σεβίζω δεσπότην, εὐδαιμόνων
κήποις τε, καὶ σοῖς Ἀραβίας πέδοις γελᾷ·
ἔργῳ γὰρ ἄλση, κηπίων ὑμνουμένων
καλλίον' ἡμίν ἐστιν ηὐτρεπισμένα.

Joseph Robert Monkhouse.

ΘΕΟΦΙΛΟΣ. ΑΝΤΩΝΙΝΟΣ. ΔΩΡΟΘΕΙΑ.

ΘΕΟ. Προσῆλθες, ὦ συ καταφρονοῦσα τῶν θεῶν,
ἡμῶν θ' ὁμοίως; ἐκφοβουμένη δ' ὅμως
σκέψαι Θεὸν τόνδ' οὐκ ἐλευθεροῦντά σε.
οὐ γὰρ θαλάσσης κτήματ' ἐξωγκωμένα
ναυαγίαις δειναῖσιν, οὐ κεκρυμμένα
Πλούτου μεταλλα, σόν ποτ' ἐκσώσει δέμας·
πρὸς ταῦτα, πρῶτον ξὺν φόβῳ τὸ κατθανεῖν
σκόπει, θανοῦσ' ἄωρος· ἡδονῶν ἅμα
πάσων στερῆναι· καὶ τελευτῶσαν μολεῖν,
ἵν' ἔστι πάντα χαρμάτων τἀναντία,
τοὔπισθε, καὶ τοὔμπροσθέν εἰσ' Ἐρινύες·
μέμνησο τοῖσδε πρὸς παθήμασιν χαρᾶς
οἵης μετέσχες ἂν, τότ' εὐτυχεστέρα,
εἴ γ' ἠξίωσας μὴ σοφίζεσθαι θεοῖς,
οἳ προσπόλοις τοιαῦτα δωροῦνται γέρα·
οὐκ ἂν φθάνοις ἂν ἔγχος ηὐτρεπισμένον
φυγοῦσ', ἵν' αὐτόκλητος εἰς Ἅδου μόλῃς·
ΑΝΤ. γελῶσαν εἶδον, τοὺς Θεοὺς μαρτύρομαι,
καραδοκοῦσαν τἀπιόντα τραύματα·
ὡς δή νιν Ἅδης εἰσιδὼν μέλλοι χερῶν
τέχνης λαθέσθαι.

ΘΕΟ. λοιδορεῖν θρασύνεται,
σπουδάζετ᾽.
ΔΩΡ. ὦ μάταιον εἰρηκὼς ἔπος,
ὃς ὧδ᾽ ἐπαυχεῖς αὐτὸς ἐκδύων ἐμὲ
τὰ φαῦλα ταῦτά γ᾽, οἷς λίαν βαρύνομαι.
τί δῆτ᾽ ἐμοὶ ζῆν κέρδος; οὐ γὰρ ἄξιον·
οὐ μὴν στυγῶ νιν, ἀνθ᾽ ὅτου γε λήψομαι
ἄλλον τιν᾽ ἐσθλόν· χῇ μάτην πανουργία
ἡ σὴ πάρεσχε κλίμαχ᾽, ὥστε χαρμάτων
βῆναι τοσαῦτ᾽ εἰς ἄκρ᾽, ὑπερφρονοῦσ᾽ ἵνα
σὲ καὶ χθόν᾽ ὀρθοῖς ὄμμασιν θεάσομαι,
ἀκηράτοισιν ἡδοναῖς κυκλουμένη·
θανάτου τ᾽ ἄνωθε καὶ χρόνου, τιμήματος
σμικροῦ λαβοῦσά γ᾽ ἐσθλὰ ταῦτ᾽ ἐπεύξομαι.
ἐκεῖ δ᾽ ἄτερμον ἦρ, ἐκεῖ θ᾽ ἥβη κρατεῖ·
ψυχεῖ μὲν οὐδεὶς ἐκκεκώφωται μέλη,
οὐ καῦμ᾽ ἔθαλψεν, οὐ τὸ γηράσκειν ἔνι.
τῶν Θεσσαλῶν λάθεσθ᾽, ἐπισκήπτω, νάπων·
λήθη δὲ κήπους Ἑσπέρους καλυψάτω·
καρπὸν δὲ χρυσόπαστον, ὃν φρουρεῖ δράκων
ἄϋπνος, ἆθλον Ἡρακλεῖ νικήφορον,
τοῖς ἀφθόνοις δένδροισιν ἐξῃκασμένον,
σιγᾷν προσήκει. τὸν Θεὸν πρεσβεύομεν,
Ἀράβων καταφρονοῦντα τῶν εὐδαιμόνων,
νήσου θ᾽ ὁμοίως τῆς ποτ᾽ ηὐλογημένης,
κήπους γὰρ ἡμῖν ξυγκατέστησεν Θεὸς
ἔργῳ κρατοῦντας τῶνδε, κοὐ μύθῳ, τόπων.

CHARLES A. PRESCOTT.

ΘΕΟΦΙΛΟΣ. ΑΝΤΩΝΙΝΟΣ. ΔΩΡΟΘΕΙΑ.

ΘΕΟ. ΣΕ δὴ, σὲ τὴν τολμῶσαν ὑβρίζειν θεοὺς,
ἡμάς θ' ὁμοίως, ἐννοουμένη φόβου
ὁθούνεκ' οὐχ οἷός τέ σ' ἐκσῶσαι θεὸς
Ὁ σός ποτ'· οὐ γὰρ χρήματ' ἐκ ναυαγίων
θαλασσίοις κλύδωσι συμπεφυρμένα,
ὅσας τε, Πλοῦτος ἀργυροῦ κατώρυχας
κρύπτει, παρέξει μηχανὰς λυτηρίους·
σκέψαι δὲ τοῦτο πρῶτον ἐκπεπληγμένη,
οἷον θανεῖν τε, καὶ μάλ' ἡβῶσαν θανεῖν,
τερπνοῦ μεθεῖσαν ἡδονὰς πάσας βίου,
τουτῶν δ' ἐναντίοισι συνναίειν κακοῖς,
ἀεὶ κυκλοῦσων ἐνδίκως σ' Ἐρινύων·
νῦν τ', ὥστε κἀπὶ μεῖζον ἔρχεσθαι κακῶν,
μέμνησ' ὁποίων, οὖσ' ἐν οὐρανῷ τοτε,
ἤμελλες εὐτυχοῦσα γευσάσθαι καλῶν,
εἰ μὴ πατρῴων τῶν θεῶν ἀπεστατεῖς,
τοὶς εὐσεβοῦσιν ταῦτα δωρούντων ἀεί·
ἐπεὶ δ' ἀπηύρω ταῦτά γ' ἔκτος ἐλπίδων,
ξίφος φθάνουσ' ἕτοιμον αὐτουργῷ χερὶ
εἰς προὖπτον Ἄδην, ἐγκατάσκηψον βίον.

ΑΝΤ. Γελᾷ γ' ἄτρεστα, θάρσος ὡς δόξης τινος
ὁρῶσα, θάνατον τήνδ' ἰδόντ' εὐψυχίαν,
δεινῶν ἂν αὐτὴν ἐξαπαλλάξαι χερῶν.

ΘΕΟ. Ἆρ' οὖν γελῶμαι τοῖα; μὴ τρίβας ἔτι.
ΛΩΡ. Ὡς ταῦτα, δήλως μῶρος ὤν, κομπεῖς μάτην,
ᾧ πλεῖστα κάμνω, τοῦτο νοσφίζων ἐμέ.
τί γὰρ βίος μοι; κεῖνον οὐδαμοῦ λέγω,
εἰ γὰρ φιλῶ τι τοῦτόν, ἐστ' ἀφεῖσ' ὅτι
κρείσσω τιν' ἄλλον ἀντὶ τοῦδ' ἀμείψομαι·
τὸ σὸν δὲ μῖσος κλίμακ' ὑποτίθησί μοι,
ἐφ' ἧς τοίαυτ' ἐς ἄκρα βήσομαι τύχης,
ὥστ' ἐγγελᾶν σοὶ, τοῖσδέ τ' οὐρανοῦ κάτω
κακῶς παθοῦσιν, ἡδονῶν ἀκηράτων
γεύσασ' ἐμαυτὴν, τῶν τ' ἐπιφθόνων χρόνου
πόνων ἄθικτος· ἔνθα ταῦτ' ὠνουμένη
φαύλων τοιούτων, κέρδος αὖτ' ἐγὼ λέγω.
ἐκεῖ γὰρ ἥβη ξὺν θέρει θάλλουσ' ἀεὶ,
οὐ πῦρ φλόγιζον, οὐ πάγων φυσήματα,
οὐ σῶμα βλάπτει λιμὸς, οὐ γῆρας βαρύ
τὸ κλεινὸν ἄγκος Θεσσαλῶν φείδου λέγειν,
κήπους τε σεμνοὺς τερμόνων Ἀτλαντικῶν,
δράκωντε καρποὺς οὓς ἐτήρησεν, τόκῳ
Ζηνός ποτ' αὐτῷ κτῆμα δυσχερέστατον,
τοῖς μὴ σπανίστοις οὐρανοῦ φυτεύμασιν
οὐ ξυμβαλεῖν χρή· Δαίμον' ἐπικαλούμεθα
γελῶντα τῆς σῆς Ἀραβίας εὐδαίμονος.
οἴκους γὰρ ἡμὶν ἐκπρεπεστέρους κτίσει,
ἤ σοι πάρεστιν ἐν φρενῶν δέλτοις γράφειν.

HENRY F. SHEBBEARE.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

TENNYSON.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

ARTURI MORS.

Olli incedenti jamdudum Arturus anhelat,
Ac veluti instrato versant quem somnia lecto,
Cum silet alta domus, fessum, suspiria ducens,
Voce ciet comitem, tacitæque immurmurat auri.
"Venimus, ah! sero nimium—me vulnus acerbum
Conficit"—Ille jugis clivosi tramitis instat,
Ipse suo humescens flatu, majorque videri
Humano, pressitque aspersos frigore colles.
Subsequitur pelagi fremitus, vox ante morantem
Prolicit, et cæcis stimulat mens motibus ultro.
Arma pruinosis crepitant ferrata cavernis
Horrendum; dextrâ lævâque immugit eunti
Dura silex, quoties saxis innixus adhæret,
Lubricaque incerto superat fastigia gressu,
Fortis Eques, resonatque armatis calcibus icta.
At subito æquoreis stagnum sese obtulit undis,
Cynthiaque hiberno metuens decedere cœlo.
Tum ferrugineam fluvio se immittere cymbam,
Funereâ indutam veste, et nigrantibus umbris,
Conspiciunt, densâque impleri transtra catervâ,
Cui stola demissa, et longâ circumdata pallâ,
Mirantur, ceu sint formæ per somnia visæ;
Tres juxta insignes luxu, auratisque coronis,
Mæsta tremiscentes feriunt conquestibus auras;
Omnibus una simul vox est, dolor omnibus unus;
Qualis inaccessis per noctem ventus in oris
Stridet, ubi immanem nunquam per sæcula mundi
Aut premere, aut pressisse putes vestigia terram.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the däis-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

Tum Rex exanimis—"Fessum latus advehe cymbæ,"
Ilicet, in cymbam Regina, En, quæque receptum
Sublevat amplexu, atque hæret lacrymansque gemensque.
Illa autem ante alias, quæ cunctis altior ibat,
Cervicem imposuit gremio, capitique retusam
Laxavit galeam, duroque rigentia letho
Membra sinu attrectat, morientem nomine regem
Crebra vocans, salsoque humectans flumine frontem
Sanguineis sparsam maculis, niveamque videri
Cætera; ceu quondam pallentis cornua lunæ
Sole repercussa, aut radianti luce coruscant;
Cui leves ocreæ, sanieque aspersa recenti
Arma rubent, tum fulvi immixto pulvere crines,
Qui frontem ornabant, Phœbei luminis instar,
Sublimi evectam solio, concrescere visi
Cæde novâ, impexique diu, et sine more soluti
Pendere, et barbæ sese admiscere decenti.
Sic velut ingenti turris disjecta ruinâ,
Procubuit late, heu quantum mutatus ab illo
Arturo, in mediam qui sæpe illapsus arenam,
Virgineo plaudente choro, seu stella refulsit,
Pensilibus plumis, protentâque inclytus hastâ.
Tum magnâ amissum compellans voce sodalem,
"En quid, agam?" conclamat, Eques, "quo tendere possim,
O decus O nostrum, mæstosque abscondere vultus?
Me miserum! antiqui perierunt sæcula mundi,
Nulla dies pugnæ quum non discrimine nota,
Nulla ducum insuetis non insignita triumphis.
Non tales luxere dies, ex quo aurea duxit
Stella Senes castos, et myrrhea dona ferentes.
At nunc Mensa, polo, heu! frustra simulata rotundo,
Consessusque ducum tenues se solvit in auras;
Ipse ego, postremus, sociisque orbatus, abibo;
Jamque dies oculos circum nigrescere visi,
Et nova mî rerum facies inopinaque surgit."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the meer the wailing died away.

Rex autem a puppi vix tandem affatur amicum;
" Scilicet antiquus sæclorum invertitur ordo;
Ipse Deus miro versat discrimine sortes,
Auspicium infaustum metuens moresque sinistros.
Tute ipsum solare, mihi solatia nulla;
Vixi equidem; at labem si vita admiserit, Ipse
Eluat, intus agens, puramque reliquerit olim.
Tu tamen interea, si non datur ora tueri,
Pacem animo exora; plus effecisse precando
Quam credat, gens cæca valet. Proinde alta, memento
Vox tua surgat, aquæ in morem, noctesque diesque.
Nam quid habent homines, quem tandem in corde volutant,
Cujus egent prona, et terram spectantia, sensum,
Si, præsente Deo, duplices ad sidera palmas
Non pro se extendunt, carisque sodalibus unquam?
Non alio auspicio celso circum aurea cœlo
Nectit amor vincla, et totum complectitur orbem.
Jamque vale, longam, insigni comitante catervâ,
Fata viam ostendunt; ni vana illudat imago,
Spes etenim dubiam rapit in contraria mentem,
Quâ nostram accipiat ripis Avalonia cymbam;
Quâ neque nix acri cecidit concreta pruinâ,
Non venti infremuit rabies; in valle reductâ
Dulcia mobilibus crepitant pomaria rivis,
Fronde coronata, atque æstivi marmoris undâ,
Quæ recreent fessum, et spirent medicamina ramis."
Dixerat, interea stagno se obvertere linter
Remorum impulsu, leves ut inhorruit alas
Albus olor, ferale canens, mortemque sub ipsam
Se subigit fluctu, et fusco pede reppulit amnem.
Multa movens animo, et sortem miseratus amici,
Stabat Eques, dum cymba diem porrecta sub ipsam,
Visa relucenti nebulam dispergere cœlo,
Mæstaque vox latis paulatim obmutuit undis.

Henry Francis Shebbeare.

ARTURI MORS.

> " At Trivia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit
> Sedibus, et nymphæ Ægeriæ nemorique relegat;
> Solus ubi in sylvis Italis ignobilis ævum
> Exigeret.—" *Virg. Æn.* VII. 774.

IBAT, at incessu gemuit Rex pectore toto,
Ac velut in lecto trepidum quem dira volutant
Visa, tacente domo, gemitus sic edidit ore,
Lentus adhærescens humeris; simul " Ocyus insta,
Fata vocant, sero properatum est, Ocyus," inquit.
Saxorum dorso insurgit tunc fortius alter,
Nubem humero flatu involvens, majorque videri
Humano, glacieque inspersis montibus instat.
Infremere a tergo pontus, visusque sonare
Ante pedes ululatus, at ipsum fervidus angor
Intus agens versat, stimulisque incendit amaris.
Aurea per gelidas crepuerunt arma cavernas,
Perque locos steriles, præcisisque undique saxis
Icta, silex dedit atra sonum; simul ille tenaci
Tesqua premit plantâ, scopuloque insistit acuto;
Ferratoque pedum reboârunt culmina pulsu.
Ecce autem ad stagna adveniunt, undasque jacentes,
Luna ubi brumali fulget pulcherrima cœlo.
  Tunc in conspectum e tenebris emergere lintrem
Nigrantem videre procul, cui prora latebat

Funereâ insignis pallâ; saxisque relictis,
Procera aspiciunt considere corpora transtris,
Veste sepulchrali vultus obtecta pedesque;
Tres prope Reginæ nitidis fulsere coronis,
Quæ tollunt querulas certatim ad sidera voces,
Commixtosque simul gemitus, tanquam una querela
Fusa sit; ut quondam tacitæ per tempora noctis
Insonuit campo ventus, quem nullius ante
Obtrivere pedes, ex quo Deus omnia fecit.
Tum Rex ingemuit—" Cymbæ me imponere tempus;"
Ad cymbam properant, madido simul ore puellæ
Porrexere manum, atque arctis complexibus hærent.
Illa autem ante alias longe pulcherrima nymphas,
Et formâ insignis, gremio caput abdidit almo,
Et galeam infractam laxat, mulcetque lacertos,
Crebra gemens, largoque humectans flumine vultum.
Tum frontem appositam lacrymis irrorat obortis,
Cæde cruentatam nigrâ, namque ora ferebat
Pallida, ceu quondam radiis confecta refugit
Luna, renascenti properans decedere Phœbo.
At leves ocreæ, sanieque adspersa rubebant
Arma viri, fusamque comam, insignire solebat
Quæ caput, ut flamma, evectum convivia supra,
Pulvere misceri nigro, et coiisse nitentem
Cæsariem squalore fero, colloque solutam
Cernere erat, mixtamque genæ lanugine mollis.
Ac velut in campo, immani divolsa ruinâ,
Strata jacet moles, quantum mutatus ab illo
Arturo incubuit, qui stellâ insignior ibat,
Carcere jam rupto, et matrum spectante catervâ,
Ære renidenti nitidum sese intulit arvo.
Tum fortis Bediverus Eques—" Absistere gressum
Mene jubes, Arture, meæ spes optima vitæ?
Quo fugisse licet, quæ nunc datur ora tueri?
Antiqui periere dies, periere priorum

Tempora, quum casus secum lux quæque frequentes
Attulit, insuetis Equitum illustranda triumphis.
Talia non luxere, aut talem habuere tenorem
Sæcla, Senes ex quo deduxit stella Sabæos.
At nunc Mensa orbis speciem mentita rotundi,
Lumina tot cecidere ducum, incomitatus obibo
Ipse ego, jamque dies fugiens se condidit umbris,
Et nova se rerum facies, novus obtulit hospes."
Tum vix Arturus cymbâ sic infit ab altâ;
" Alter ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,
Et variis sua jussa modis Deus ipse facessit,
Unus inadsuetum ne fors mos inquinet orbem.
Tu teipsum solare, mihi solatia nulla;
Vixi etenim, at pravi si quid mens fecerit unquam,
Huic Deus ignoscens, faxit sim pectore puro.
Tu modo, si nostros prohibet fas cernere vultus,
Ne cesses dare vota animi pro pace; valebunt
Vota virûm, et secum multa improvisa reportant.
Instar aquæ tua vox ergo noctesque diesque
Pro me missa volet; capreis ovibusque negatum,
Quæ capiti inclusam retinent sine lumine vitam,
Ecquid habent homines, si cum sit notus, at altâ
Voce Deum nunquam precibus votisque lacessunt,
Multa sibi et sociis submissâ voce petentes?
Auspice convexo nutantem pondere tali
Aurea vincla polum solio obstrinxere Jehovæ.
Jamque vale, feror agminibus circumdatus illis,
Et longum ingressurus iter, ni fata resistant,
Namque animum versant multa in contraria curæ,
Quà procul intextis vallis latet abdita ramis,
Quam neque concutiunt venti, nec grandine pulsant
Nubila concretâ, at recubat composta virenti
Complexu nemorum, æstivæque amfratibus undæ;
Illic omnis erit curæ casusque levamen."

Sic ait, at velis remisque avecta carina
Progreditur ripâ, curvato ut pectore cycnus,
Sæpe ciens tenui ferales gutture cantus,
Intumuit plumis, fluvioque immittitur alto
Pinnati pedis impulsu. Stat littore solo,
Multa animo evolvens, fortis Bediverus; at atram
Solvere se in nubem, cæloque innare sereno
Cymba procul visa, et fletu silet unda remoto.

Hugh Kennedy.

THE HALL OF ODIN.

Spirit of Fiction, ere the soul had power
To fill the vacance of life's dreary hour,
What charm was thine, the wanderer's steps to guide,
Or waft with dreams his galley o'er the tide!
Through darkling waves he seeks the fabled west,
The mystic tree, and gardens of the blest;
Where sea-born zephyrs breathe their fragrance round,
And golden flowers gleam radiance from the ground.[1]
And hark! what voice, the nations calling forth
From Asia's plains, shouts onward to the north!
"On to the north, where down the mountains rolled,
The king of rivers pours his liquid gold;
No scorching heats, but o'er the night and day
The lord of twilight[2] sheds a softened ray;
There through the poplar shade, lit from the skies,
Gleams the bright amber from the Heliads' eyes;
And gray-hued olives[3] wave their chequered spray,
Stirred by the breeze, to hail the god of day."
  Far other hope was theirs, by conquest bred,
Whom Scandinavia's dreary visions led;
No twilight gardens, bowers of peace and love,
No rustling shades pour music as they move;

[1] Pindar. Olymp. ii. 130.
[2] Λύκει' ἄναξ, (Æschylus, Theb. v. 145,) *i. e.* Lord of the Wolf-light, λυκόφως.
[3] Pindar. Olymp. iii. 23.

No balmy incense fills the breathing dawn,
No heaven-shed dews baptize the infant morn;
But virgin Innocence, sweet holy maid,
And white-robed Peace in purity arrayed,
Like orphan sisters, wander through the gloom,
To seek in holier lands their distant home;
And frighted Nature, weeping at the sight,
Draws o'er her face the sable pall of night.
  But hark! what cry of anguish from afar,
What shrieks unearthly rend the midnight air?
And see! what rock its crested might uprears,
And towering o'er the wilderness appears?
What steel-clad forms on phantom coursers fly,
What noise of battle hurtles in the sky?
Lo, where yon cliff its storm-rift sides displays,
And walls embattled quench the midnight blaze;
There where the yawning chasm its jaws distends,
What mingled din of mirth and woe ascends?
Deep in a cave, unblest by heavenly beam,
Laved by oblivion's mute untroubled stream,
Girt in by beetling rocks, more horrid made
By the dark yew, and funeral cypress shade,
Dread Odin dwells, on airy throne reclined,
In unsubstantial majesty enshrined.
A thousand lamps gleam through the festive hall,
A thousand banners deck the caverned wall;
A thousand spectre chiefs, whose feet have trod
The battle field, surround the warrior god.
The charnel-house their hellish feast supplies;
Their bowls, the reeking skulls of enemies;
The viands stand, with mead and nectar crowned,
The tethered war-horse paws the flinty ground;
The grisly heroes, in that dreamy cell,
Quaff potent draughts of luscious hydromel.

Meanwhile the minstrel smites the Runic lyre,
Tells of their deeds, and fills the soul with fire;
While all, with hymns, their votive homage bring
To him, their warrior, idol god, and king.
They sing, how erst his conquering flag, unfurled,
Waved its red pinions o'er the northern world:
How dared he Rome's victorious Chief withstand,
And left, in free-born pride, his native land.[4]
Changed is the strain;—the bard, with prescient eye,
Reads the dark visions of futurity.
He sees proud Rome's imperial city fall;
The Scythian legions crown the vanquished wall;
The ice-bound portals of the North have poured
The plagues of God, the famine, and the sword.
And now he sings, how dying Odin stands,
The fatal steel close grasped in both his hands;
Nine times the thirsting sword laves in his blood;
Nine mortal wounds well forth the purple flood;
The listening chiefs hang on his faultering tongue,
And Echo shouts their wild, unearthly song:
"Far, o'er the northern sky's impurpled arch,
Our soul unconquered wends its airy march;
See where Valhalla's virgin spirits speed,
To brighter scenes the warrior dead to lead."
  And now, his worth, admiring Goths to praise,
By Upsal's towers, the Pagan temple raise;
With gold, by pirate hands unholy made,
The Sea-kings' spoils are on the altar laid.
A solemn feast is held one year in nine;
Nine mangled victims fall before the shrine;
Nine mangled dead, beneath the accursed trees,
Blanch in the sun, and quiver to the breeze.

[4] Gibbon, vol. i. c. 10.

Hushed be the song;—the Scythian bards no more
Their Odin's deeds proclaim from shore to shore;
No Pagans worship where the temple stood,
No human victims bathe the shrine with blood;
But see, from out the ruins slowly rise
A holier fabric, pointing to the skies;[5]
On whose pure shrine is once for ever laid
The Paschal Lamb—the one oblation made.
No carrion trophies taint the summer air,
No shrieks of human victims linger there;
But the crush'd spirit, and the contrite heart,
Like bruised flowers, a fragrant balm impart,
Whose holy incense mounting to the skies,
A God of Righteousness will not despise;
While hymns of triumph, borne on angel's wing,
Through heaven's blue vault sweet hallelujahs ring.
O pure Religion! since thy reign began,
Thy Gospel covenant 'twixt God and man,
Dark Superstition, and her hellish brood
Have fled, and steep the land no more with blood;
But peace on earth, and mercy to mankind,
Shed their soft influence o'er the human mind;
Hope whispers peace, dispels each anxious fear,
Leads to the Cross, and wipes away the tear;
While Faith triumphant, pointing to the skies,
Bids the poor sinner heavenward lift his eyes.
Faith in the Saviour is the staff and rod,
Which guides him through the shadowy vale to God;
Till the freed soul, companion of the blest,
Dwells in sure havens of eternal rest.

[5] The temple of Upsal was destroyed by King Ingo, who ascended the throne of Sweden in the year 1075; and about fourscore years afterwards a Christian cathedral was erected on its ruins. — *Vide Dalin's History of Sweden.*

T. F. S. Rawlins.

THE HALL OF ODIN.

Quit, warlike Odin, quit thy shield awhile,[1]
Nor longer heed the thrilling trumpet's jar,
Let softer notes of joy thy heart beguile,
Not sole responsive to the hurtling war.
Thrice mighty king of men! without thy care
Arts, or of war, or peace,[2] may never shine;
Let then thy looks, so bright and debonair,
Be shed benignant on my feebler eyne,
"To grace so mean a song, this lowly lay of mine."

And thou, too, Queen of Beauty and of Grace,
Friga,[3] be thou my Muse; upon thy Lord
The soul-subduing influence of thy face
Rain down; and while upon thy ev'ry word
He hangs expectant, bid him sheathe his sword.
Else haply, for 'tis humbler, mote my lay,
'Mid fiercer din of battle, pass unheard:
Still, if but thou, his Queen, thy bidding say,
Then he, by Love enthralled, must needs that voice obey.

[1] Ov. Fast. iii. 1.

[2] Odin was the god of every art, but more especially of Poetry, which was called by the Scalds—"the mead of Odin," and "the gift of Odin."—*North. Antiq.*

[3] Lucret. lib. i. 1, &c. Friga, the wife of Odin, is styled by Mallett "the Venus of the Scandinavian Theology."

And yet my theme doth well deserve his ear,
And eke a loftier, prouder lyre than mine,
So that I, "all too mean," may scarcely dare
Such noble tales in wilful verse enshrine;
Therefore I would that thou inspire my line
With note harmonious;—win for me the ayd
Of thine own vanquished Odin, and confine[4]
In thy victorious arms his might allay'd,
That so, "O dearest Dread," I may not be dismay'd.

The wight, I wis, on honey-dew[5] should feed,
And drink th' inspiring nectar of the skies,
Who could describe Valhalla's contest dread,
And heroes' life renewed in wondrous wise;
Sing how its shield-roof'd halls on pillars rise
Of purest gold, great Friga's precious tears;[6]
Or how the gates of that vast edifice,
Outnumb'ring those Egyptian Thebes uprears,[7]
Seek, with aspiring tops, "to emulate the spheres."

How hard the task to paint those goblets strange,
To tell how mead, drawn from the foeman's skull,[8]
May quench at once the thirstings of revenge,
And Nature's meaner drought:—hard to extol

[4] Lucret. *ut sup.*

[5] Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." The dew which falls into the valleys from the fountain of *Pastime* is called Honey-dew.—*Edda.* The fountain Mimis also pours forth Hydromel.—*North. Antiq.* p. 50.

[6] "The Norne, or Fairy, who weeps golden tears:—" by this expression the goddess Friga is addressed in the Edda.—*North. Antiq.* p. 190. And we find a Scandinavian poet calling gold "the tears of Friga."—*Specimens of Runic Poetry.* Compare the beautiful legend of the Heliades shedding tears of amber, when bewailing their brother's death on the banks of the Eridanus, the shores probably of the Baltic.—*Herod.* iii. c. 115.

[7] Valhalla was reported to have 140 gates.—*North. Antiq.* 2, 108.

[8] One of the delights of Odin's hall was to drink mead from the skull of an enemy.

In worthy numbers, for a lyre so dull,
Scrimner,[9] and the never-cloying feast,
With which his huge immortal frame is full;
Such growing food did erst the rav'nous beast,
With beak impurpled, tear from Tityon's mangled breast.

Therefore shall softer strains awhile my Muse
Engage, and easier tales of gentle Love,
Such tales as once might old Anacreon choose;
That so her infant whispers she may prove,
Ere yet to higher themes her numbers move;
E'en thus, with flutt'rings weak, and passing slow,
Rises from earth the meek-eyed timorous dove;
But when she 'gins her proper path to know,
She soars th' empyreal height, and spurns[10] the depths below.

They err who dare deny, that Love doth dwell
Among those happy spirits, and would deem
With lust of war alone their bosoms swell,
While every other joy doth worthless seem.
Oh, 'tis a vain, an unsubstantial dream!
For art not thou, great Friga, ever there?
Would it not then, sweet lady, ill beseem,
That war should flourish under Odin's care,
While Love and Peace lie hid, nor thy sweet radiance share?

Yes, there is Love: for damsels[11] dwell there, fair,
Amid that dark-haired, sun-imbrowned band,
As Venus' swans, and stately as they rear
Their crescent necks of snow, what time the land

[9] Scrimner was a gigantic boar, whose flesh was daily renewed as a banquet for the heroes of the Valhalla.

[10] "Udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ."
Hor. Od. III. ii. 24; *Virgil. Æn.* v. 213—217.

[11] The Valkyres were the Houris of Odin's heaven; one of their duties was to fill the cups of the warriors.

Of Cyprus left, to Paphos' Isle they tend,
With their bright load, and ever as they move,
Owning her genial sway, they gently bend,
And twine their necks in spiral folds of love;
Thus 'neath Valhalla's domes the bright Valkyres rove.

But cease, my Muse, to touch so soft a string;
Let thy great theme more lofty thoughts inspire,
Some stirring influence o'er thy numbers fling,
And wake to ecstasy thy slumbering fire.
Nor fear that she whom erst thou didst desire
To ayd thy drooping pinion, did not hear,
Nor Odin will refuse to swell thy lyre
With notes of combat loud, and fierce, and drear;
Lo! he is at thy side, and bids thee banish fear.

Soon then, as jolly Morn, in vesture dight
Of orient beams, "peeps blushing" on the band,
The boist'rous revel, and the soft delight
Of wreathed smiles, no more are near at hand:
But cares of battle every heart command,[12]
And all their soul to chivalry they yield:
Odin himself, the monarch of the land,
With ardour glows, that on the listed field
He first against the foe his trusty sword shall wield.

Forth from the swarming gates, in long array,
All bright with armour and embroidery,
The shadowy armies stream: their banners gay,
Blazoned with quaint device, insult the sky,

[12] The mornings of the heroes of Valhalla are spent in the battle, as the evenings in the revel and the song.

And angry, seem each other to defy:
Each eager warrior shakes his airy lance,
And fills the plain with shouts for victory:
But, hark! the clarion signals the Advance,
And then with knightly host is filled the plain's expanse.

The shock of arms resounds, and far around
Is heard the martial crash: the list'ning plain,
Affrighted, trembles at the horrid sound,
And staggers 'neath the weight of countless slain.
Bright gleam the falchions of the shadowy train,
As, wheeling round, they curb their steeds' career,
And badge the welt'ring earth with bloody stain;
Red Battle rides abroad on iron car,
And joyous guides the fate of the yet doubtful war.

When eve, on healing wings, returns again,
An unseen hand each gaping wound relieves,[13]
And brings a soothing balm for every pain:
A power divine their inmost wish perceives,
And naught that breeds "unlovely trouble" leaves.
With life restored, the shield-roofed halls prolong
The notes of mirth again, while Music weaves
Her subtlest charms around the jovial throng,
And pours anew the sweets, which grace the minstrel's song.

Thus hath it been, since Odin, stung with Love,
From this his humbler earthly kingdom[14] fled,
And rushed with eager joy to realms above,
To meet his much-loved Queen: his blood he shed

[13] Before returning to the evening meal, their wounds are healed in a miraculous manner.

[14] Odin's kingdom, while on earth, was called Asgard.

In Freedom's cause; and e'en among the dead,[15]
The haughty monarch spurned to be a thrall:
With prophet eye he saw the vengeance dread,
That swift on Rome's injurious strength should fall,
Then pierced his noble breast, and sought Valhalla's hall.

Thus hath it been, and thus for aye shall last,
'Till Loke,[16] the monster of the swelling tide,
Shall from his limbs the biting fetters cast,
And o'er the sea in car triumphant ride:
Till from the wave the Serpent dread shall stride,
In wondrous new and spectral shape ydight,[17]
And for his master-fiend a path divide:
While seas, with fear, at that most dreadsome sight,
Roll their obsequious waves to speed his onward flight.

Yet stay, my Muse, "in thy weak numbers bound,"[18]
As if bemocked by the audacious lyre,
Such words forget their majesty and sound:
So leave unsung the fiery Genii's[19] ire,

[15] It was *their* opinion that those who died a natural death became the slaves of Hela, and were cast into Niflheim. Odin killed himself; this they regarded as the most honourable of all deaths.—*See North. Antiq. and Southey's Death of Odin.*

[16] The chief evil genius of the Goths; he had as his servants the wolf Fenris, and the great Serpent. He was chained up by the god Thor in a vast cavern, whence he is to escape at the destruction of the world and aid in the ruin of Valhalla.—*Mallet, Hist. Dann.*

[17] The Serpent, at the end of the world, is to be changed into a spectre.—*North. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 162.

[18] "Such noble words, in thy weak numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound."
Addison. *Horace*, ii. 3.

[19] The "Genii of Fire" were allied with the other evil spirits in the destruction of the world. Although they succeeded in destroying the Valhalla, another world was to be raised, having mansions for the reward of good and evil men.—*North. Antiq.*

Albeit vain to get their fell desire,
Nor sing of that new world which fate shall raise,
What time the ancient fabric shall expire;
Cease, cease at once thy too presumptuous lays,
And let expressive Silence show how vast their praise.[20]

Thrice happy then who in the battle's strife,[21]
Amid the grisly conflict's barbed shower,
Pours forth the bloody current of his life:
The foeman's sword may drip its dews of gore,
The bellowing darts around him thickly pour,
And bite the polished helmets in their rage:
But he lies tranquil 'mid the battle's roar,
For hopes of heaven do all his thoughts engage,
And though Death's night o'erhang, his bitter pains assuage.

" We fought with swords," the dying hero sings;
" We fought with swords, and gave our foes for food
To wolves; we bade the eagles spread their wings
To share the ample meal, while to the flood
Of gore swift flew the raven's sacred brood.
With joy I cease, for now around me move
The virgins, ' who will all my foes delude,'
And bear me, dying, to the courts above,
To gain the warrior's meed of happiness and love."[22]

Oh! other far that wretched mortal's fate,
Who lived a coward, and a coward died;
No joys like these his dastard soul await,
No[23] guardian maid his heavenward steps to guide;

[20] " Come, then, expressive Silence, muse his praise."—Thomson.

[21] This and the following stanza are freely rendered from the dying Ode of Regner Lodbrog.—*Translated by Bishop Percy in his " Specimens of Runic Poetry."*

[22] Southey's Race of Odin.

[23] Another duty of the Valkyres, which we have omitted to mention, is to conduct the souls of the brave to Odin.—*Vide* Edda.

But deep in Niflheim's dreary caverns hid,
The scornful "Hela[24] o'er his bed shall hang,"
Mock at his sorrow, and his groans deride;
His bleeding breast shall rend with ruthless fang,
And bid her willing slaves prolong his every pang.

[24] Queen of Niflheim, corresponding to *Death.—North. Antiq. The Edda; and Southey's Death of Odin.*

WILLIAM CHRISTOPHER VALENTINE.

VERSUS LATINI ELEGIACI

IN DIV. PAULI SCHOLA

PRÆMIO DONATI

COMITIIS HIBERNIS

DIE DEC^BRIS XVII.

MDCCCXLVI.

ÆTAS INVENTRIX.

> "Omnia jam fient, fieri quæ posse negabam,
> Et nihil est, de quo non sit habenda fides."
> OVID. *Tristium,* Lib. i. El. viii.

TANTANE te generis cepit fiducia nostri,
O bene venturos vaticinate dies?
Exoriare velim, Stygiisque utcunque tenebris
Erutus, humanos experiare dolos.
Ingenium, et dotes, et inutile pone cerebrum,
Non opus ingenio, si mihi credis, erit.
Quod cupis Ars præstat; facili versante cylindro,
Profluet Aoniis Musa rotata modis.
Ars facit intortis moveantur pectora palmis,
Et vigeat digitûm mobilitate quies;
Clausa tamen visu perrumpunt lumina portas;
Perspicit æratas mens resoluta domos.
Quodque magis stupeas, non soli talia possunt
Nunc oculi, at currit vox ubicunque velit.
Verba volant taciti per longa volumina ferri,
Chordaque inauditos fertque, refertque sonos;
Blanda modo ardentis resonant suspiria nymphæ,
Rauca ciet mediis jussa colonus agris.
Disclusæ coeunt gentes, penitusque per orbem
Zona jacet, duplices circuitura polos.

[Aere nunc pendet medio; nunc cauta procellæ
  Serpit humi, aut salsis it fugitiva vadis;
Seu vox missa volet; seu sint annosa carinæ
  Claustra sub æquoreis discutienda fretis;
Sicut ubi exiles suspendit aranea casses,
  Fila tremiscentem corripuere diem.]
Quisque suas fundet proprio stans littore voces
  Incola, Hyperboreus, Mexicus, Afer, Arabs.
Gallia plura petat facilis connubia natis,
  Et simul illæsam clamitet esse fidem;
Vafra licet citius se Pensylvania nexu
  Obliget, aut dives nunc sit in ære suo;
[Annua seu latos coemat frumenta per agros,
  Anglia, quæ portu sint capienda tuo;
Seu gelida, ardentes cyathi quæ temperet haustus,
  Massa pruinosis effodiatur aquis.
Accipe nunc artes alias; quum parvolus essem,
  Omnis ab innocuo prodiit ære vapor.
Nunc vapor est Martis crepitans cui pareat imber,
  Et vapor in molli calfacit ova sinu.
Omnia quæ fiunt, solito præpostera fiunt,
  Plaustra volant ventis—it ratis acta rotâ.
Jam licet antiquos repetat Phocæa penates,
  Innatat Ioniis ferrea cymba vadis.[1]
Quinetiam admotâ dissultant lintea tædâ,
  Et volat audaci stuppea flamma[2] manu.]
Ipse sinu miles torquendos concipit ignes;
  Tela dabit qualem tela dedere necem.
"Sit mihi," si dicas "modus agri non ita magnus;"[3]
  "Sit procul a fumo, sit strepituque quies;"

[1] Herod. i. 165. Hor. Epod. xvi. 17, 26. [2] Virg. Æn. viii. 694.
[3] Hor. Sat. II. vi. 1.

Fortunate, modus cui sit tam parvus, ut illum
 Negligat in votis civica turba suis!
In villam metata decempeda—Porticus Arcton[4]
 Quæ capit, Arctoas excipit ipsa vias.
Nec mora, demisit calidus cæmenta redemptor;
 Ferrea per vetitos semita fertur agros.
Stridula sylvestres agitabunt sibila Faunos,
 Exsilit æratis vox ubicunque genis.
[Rura colis, demens! mediam quin fortiter urbem
 Occupet, intacti cui placuere lares.
Aspice ut, urbanæ cupiens spectacula vitæ,
 Obsidet urbanas gens caligata domos;
Qua satura ingentes capiant præsepia porcos,
 Et fodicet crassos dextra perita boves.
Ite suburbanas, felix pecus, ite Bovillas,[5]
 Ite, Suburanæ sat strepuere viæ.
Esseda densantur, pictisque interlita signis
 Plaustra, papyrifero conspiciuntur equo.
" Vise serenantes noctem concentibus Afros;
 Vise pharetratus quas tulit Indus opes.
Si tibi displiceant operosi pulicis artes,
 Cerea magnanimûm stant simulacra ducum;
Bellator pygmæus[6]—Equi μέγα χρῆμα—Gemelli
 Seres—Hyperboreo cum cane, Forma loquax."
Jam satis est; ludo, vel Saturnalibus horis,
 Seria non semper posthabuisse decet.]

[4] Hor. Od. II. xvii. 14. [5] Ovid. Fasti, iii. 667.
[6] Juv. Sat. xiii 168.

H. F. Shebbeare.

TYPIS EXCUDIT R. CLAY.